THE IRISH FOOTMAN'S POETRY.

Hib. 7. 641. 91

OR

GEORGE THERVNNER,

AGAINST

HENRY THE WALKER,

In defence of *Iohn* the *Swimmer*.

Being

A Sur-rejoinder to the Rejoinder of the rusty Ironmonger, who endeavoured to defile the cleare streames of the Water-Poet's *Helicon*.

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The Author GEORGE RICHARDSON, an *Hibernian Pedestrian*.

Printed in the yeare 1641.

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TO GEORGE RICHARDSON HIS CVRRANT FRIEND IN any part of the Kings Dominions.

NO more (friend *George*) ſhall wee ſee
Thee marching in the Infantr'ie,
Now, thou haſt gotten greater force,
And mounted on the winged Horſe,
After no charriot thou ſhalt runne
Henceforth, but that of Phaeton.

H. F.

To *GEORGE RICHARDSON* the Pedeſtrian Poet.

WHen firſt thy lines I read, I did admire
Them like the learning of Promethean fire;

For he, who knowes thee have so little Art
Could thinke that nature should so much impart
To raise thee to the height to vindicate
Th'Aquatique Poet, from the furious hate
Of weavers, tinkers, (through the nose that whistle)
Ironmongers, and Brethren of the bristle?
Now trust me *George*, this work deserves such praise,
That not to us but unto after dayes
'Twill say thou wer't a Poet of a maw,
As great, as thy great namesake of the Law.

W. B.

To my ingenuous Countryman the Authour.

'TIs stranger you would goe swift pac'd steps
And rest a strangers taske to undertake (forsak
Doubtles you meane to ride hence forth; this matter,
Deserves a horse, if not to ride by water,

T. LL.

GEORGE RICHARDSON *the Authour to the most ingenious aquatique Poet* Mr. JOHN TAYLOR.

SIr though a stranger to your selfe, your worth
Is knowne to me, by what you have set forth;
And though I cannot judge, yet I admire
The lively flames of your Phœbean fire;
Which wise-men doe approve, none doe deprave,

But

But ſuch as know not fancy, as this ſlave;
Ruſty, as his old iron, dull, as ſtone,
Or th'anvill, that his ware is wrought upon.
Who ſtupid ſlave (by what hee never writ
But bought for's money) your undoubted wit,
Would call in queſtion, Sir, my infant muſe
(Seing this ſlave perſiſt in his abuſe;
And knowing, 'twould a great diſhonour bee
For you to match your ingenuity
With his notorious folly,) ſpeedily
Did undertake to make a ſwift reply.
Which (ſoone as my employment did allow
Mee time) in two houres ſpace, I did run through.

Upon the title of Walkers *Booke.*

BEhold the Maſter peice of *Walker's* wit,
Fancying his friend the Divell here at ſhit.
Who firſt with malice did inſpire his breaſt,
And then his firſt Bookes matter did ſuggeſt.
But t'is ſome ſilly fiend (as ſure as day)
The ſame perhaps was made an Aſſe i'th play
Long ſince, but I'me deceiv'd, there's much brave wit
I'th play, but *Walkers* bookes have none of it.
What are they fit for then, that onely raile?
Naught, but to wipe his ſhitten Divels taile.

1. *His view of the transformed Divell.*

WHat wondrous raptures this our Author here
Doth dreame of wine, who hardly ere (dranke beere,

Or any thing ſo mighty *Horace*'s Lire
Tels us what drinke doth moſt, what leaſt inſpire?

2. *His Pedegree.*

A Monſtrous Birth! ſprong from the ſheaves of wheat,
Treſh'd out he ſhould have ſaid, for ſure the great
Father of this brave Sparke ſome tough blade was,
That cudgelled the corne, and ſlaſh'd the graſſe;
For ſuch his baſe demeanour ſpeakes him, I
Doe not detract from the old family
Of Bredſall all this while, nor doe I know
Whether he bee extracted thence, or no.
Oft 'tis of worthy families the fate,
To ſend ſome Children forth degenerate.
But by his manners hee ſhould rather bee
Of that Ape Carriers affinity
Hight *Richard Walker*, but call'd Cherry-lickam,
Whom with his well taught-beaſt I ſaw at Wickam
Doing rare trickes, with many a lofty ſtraine
For *England*'s King, but clapt his Arſe at *Spaine*.
Told money, which his Maſter cannot doe;
Yet hee a Walker is, and Wanderer too.
But lets admit our Libeller to bee
Sprong from the wheaten Bredſall family,
And that the Golden-ſheaves that doe belong
Vnto that family, this Ironmonger
Er may juſtly challenge for his owne, yet hee
Hath armes, which better fit his quality.

The Armes of his owne atcheivement.

A Gridiron paſſant, on which lies
A Libeller doth ſimbolize
A Cart, that doth up Holborne paſſe,
A ſable trivet next, wee place
In cheif, which you may eaſily
Conceive, doth Tiburne ſignifie,
To ſeeke a Rope weel'e not take paines,
For worſt delinquents hang in Chaines,
Then for ſupporters, there ſhall ſtand
Two men as true as ſteele, in hand
They ruſty Iron forkes ſhall weild,
Thus you may blazonize his ſheild.

2. *His Diſpoſition.*

IS it not vaine? to tax his muſe, that writ
Of a bad Subject to diſcover it
Vnto the heedles World; that when they ſee,
The thing attir'd in it's deformity,
They then may loath it, that before appear'd
Pleaſing to them, before the miſt was clear'd.
Taylor his whore, if rightly underſtood
Deſerves much honour, 'twas his Countrie's good
That ſet his muſe on worke, the rogue ſet forth
In *Spaniſh*, is a Booke of matchleſſe worth.
Which honeſt men approve, hee that doth looke
Awry on it, is Subject of the Booke.

4. *The*

4. *The Encounter.*

I Know 'tis not your cuſtome, to abuſe
The peoples eares, with fancies of your muſe;
For where there's no invention, ſtraines of wit
Can have no birth, were you endu'd with it
What monſters you'd beget alreadi's knowne
By fathering of theſe are not your owne.
But what you publiſh here, if wee admit
To bee your owne, Taylor thoſe workes hath writ,
That a juſt Catalogue of them will fill,
More leaves, then you have ſtained with your quill,
Leave then your oſtentation, time ne're ſaw,
An Eagle dar'd to combate by a Daw.

5. *His Religion.*

6. *His Hypocriſie.*

I Ve made a ſcrutinie, but cannot find
One word in Taylors Booke ſhews him inclin'd
To Popery, 'tis true hee cann't approve
Of Browniſts, nor the Familiſts of love,
Of Anabaptiſts, nor of Adamites,
Nor thoſe inſtruct their audience, when the lights
Are out, and by their owne example too
As well as precept, teach them what to doe;
Though Ir'nmongers or Feltmakers they bee,
Or Coblers, or what els fraternity.
This being all, 'tis ſtraing hee not invites
Your ſpleene, that hath deſcrib'd the Adamites,
The Browniſts conventicle too that writ,

But

But 'tis your envy to brave Taylors wit,
Hee onely is accus'd, although they bee
Guilty of as much Popery as hee.
Your faith I doe not queſtion, nor will make
Much matter of argument, what ſide you take.
But Taylor's guilty of Hipocriſie,
Becauſe hee did comply with miſerie.
A powerfull reaſon! ſhame to vent ſuch ſtuffe
Snuffers are ſweeter ware, with unquencht ſnuffe.

7. *The Church perſecuted by water.*

A Title (which doth promiſe at the leaſt,
A copious treatiſe) like that pregnant beaſt,
That travell'd with a mountaine, yet brought forth
A litle molehill, ſee the leſſer worth!
Of this poore fellow, who can ſcarce diſcerne
A difference, 'twixt him, did guide the ſterne
Of the great Barke oth' Church, and him that neere
A bigger veſſell then an oare did ſteere.

8. *His weakeneſſe in judgement*

NOw I doe pitty thee, that dares to tax
Anothers judgement, when more time 'twill (aske
Then was to teach the Aſſe to ſpeake, aſſign'd,
To render thy dull wits halfe ſo refin'd,
As the well-tuter'd Ape, that's Pupill to
Thy name-ſake *Walker*; yet with much adoe
Tha'ſt made an Anagram of thine owne name,
And an Ænigma to thou think'ſt, what fame?

Will not be due to thee? well thou maist scoren
The Dung-hill Pamphlets thou set'st forth t'adorne
With th'honoured subscription of the name,
That's grac'd, with such an heavenly Anagram.

9. *His horrible lies.*

ONe Distichon is all the verse ha's writ
There's just as many faults, as lines in it.

10. *My sincerity to* England.

IF you affirme this with sincerity,
Im'e confident in it wee doe agree.

11. *His humble Petition.*

WHat forward impudence is this? to dare
Before those noble Senators to appeare
Clad in such ragges? if ought 'gainst Church or State,
Hee hath offended, with an equall hate
I shall pursue him, or transgress'd the lawes,
And made unto himselfe a guilty cause,
Or that it shall appeare, in the least word,
Hee hath traduc'd, that loyall, and honour'd Lord;
But if o'th contrary it shall appeare,
His conscience and his judgement, were more clear,
And that hee did nor Church, nor State traduce,
Nor that most noble Lord, with least assile;
Then Cæsar-like, when *Horace* did acquite
Himselfe, before him, then, when gainst all right,
A base officious Tribune did accuse

The

The harmeles recreation of his muſe;
As, that in miſtique Hieroglyphickes, hee
Had plotted 'gainſt the State, ſome teachery;
Great Cæſar gave the Poet, higher place
In's favour, and the Tribune, the diſgrace
To weare a paire of Aſſes eares; ſo now,
When theſe great Senators, on Taylor's brow,
Read innocence, his merrit they ſhall raiſe,
By giving thee the whip, and him the bayes.

12. *The Concluſion.*

AND now friend *Walker* this, but to prepare
My muſe to encounter, if you dare,
With a foote-Poet, enter in the ſand,
You, as you have loſt by water may by land.

POSTSCRIPT.

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ALthough in Ireland *I was born and bred*
In Englands *Church I nouriſht am and fed*
Therefore let no dull Browniſts apprehend
That in defence of Popery I contend;
I doe eſteeme both Sects as moſt a curſt
But of the twayn I thinke the Browniſt worſt.

FINIS.